HACK/SLASH™ SuicideGirls™ ANNUAL

48 pages
CONTAINS THE STORY BEHIND CASSIE'S EXCLUSIVE PHOTO SET FOUND ON SUICIDEGIRLS.COM

MR
MATURE READERS
17+

HACK/SLASH
SuicideGirls
ANNUAL
0 123456 789005
01
48 pages
CONTAINS THE STORY BEHIND CASSIE'S EXCLUSIVE PHOTO SET FOUND ON SUICIDEGIRLS.COM
MR
MATURE READERS
17+

HACK/SLASH™ SuicideGirls™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A **SLASHER** CALLED THE **LUNCH LADY**... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER **MOTHER**!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND **VLAD**, HUNTING DOWN AND **DESTROYING** SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND **THEM**!

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY **TIM SEELEY** COLORS BY **KATIE DE SOUSA** LETTERED BY **CRANK!**
DESIGN BY **SEAN K. DOVE & THOMAS DEMAVIVAS**

PHOTO SET BY **TIM SEELEY & MS.SHATIA HAMILTON**
PHOTOS BY **GINA FERENZI**

SPECIAL THANKS TO **MISSY, FRACTAL, SALOME, VIVID, KYRA, DRAKE, SASH, BRIAN WARMOTH, ALICIA LI & RION VERNON**

FIND CASSIE'S PROFILE, BLOG & PHOTO SET ON **WWW.SUICIDEGIRLS.COM**

Cover A: **TIM SEELEY & JEREMY ROBERTS**

Cover B: **EMILY STONE & COURTNEY VIA**

Cover C: **TIM SEELEY & JOSE AVILES**

Cover D: **TIM SEELEY & & MS.SHATIA HAMILTON (PHOTO BY GINA FERENZI)**

Cover E: **RION VERNON (MODELED BY ALICIA LI)**

DEVILS DUE PUBLISHING:
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

PRESIDENT **JOSH BLAYLOCK**
C.E.O. **PJ BICKETT**
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER **SAM WELLS**
ART DIRECTOR **SEAN DOVE**
MARKETING MANAGER **BRIAN WARMOTH**
I.P. DEVELOPMENT **STEPHEN CHRISTY**

EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE **CODY DEMATTEIS**
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR **TIM SEELEY**
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR **MIKE BEAR**
BOOKS ASSISTANT **NORA HICKEY**
MANAGER OF FINANCE **DEBBIE DAVIS**

HACK/SLASH: Annual. Vol 1. JULY, 2008. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 3759 N. Ravenswood Ave. #238, Chicago, IL 60613. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2008 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and Hack/Slash characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. SuicideGirls and the SuicideGirls logos are service marks and trademarks of SG Services, Inc. (aka SuicideGirls), used with permission. No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. For Ad Sales, please contact zalcales@devilsdue.net. Printed in Canada.

NOW.
I HAVE DONE SOME PRETTY SCARY SHIT IN MY SHORT LIFE.
I'VE HAD A ROTTING SAINT BERNARD, DEAD EYES LOCKED ON MINE, JUMP FOR MY THROAT.
I'VE FELT IT'S COLD, DAMP BREATH ON MY FACE JUST BEFORE I WATCHED ITS HEAD DISAPPEAR IN A FINE, RED MIST.
I'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN THE DARK WITH A HOMICIDAL HOLY MAN.
I'VE FELT THE TENSION IN THE AIR AROUND HIM, AS EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING FOUGHT TO BE FREE OF HIS RESTRAINTS SO HE COULD DO THE ONE THING HE WANTED MORE THAN ANYTHING:
TO WRAP HIS HANDS AROUND MY THROAT AND SQUEEZE.
I'VE BEEN HELD UNDER SIX INCHES OF STAGNANT SWAMP WATER BY AN ANIMATE DOLL, WONDERING IF THE LAST THING I WOULD EVER SEE WAS HIS PLASTIC SMILE.
YEAH, I'VE BEEN IN SOME FUCKING SCARY SITUATIONS.

BUT I THINK THIS MOMENT TRUMPS THEM ALL.
46

THEN.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
THIS IS IT, SEXY WOMAN. THIS IS THE MOMENT.
I WROTE IT LAST NIGHT, RIGHT AFTER I DID IT. IT'S THE BEST FUCKING THING I'VE EVER WRITTEN.
MAYBE THE BEST THING *ANYONE* HAS WRITTEN. AND I PUT IT ON U.S. BOBA FETT SO WE COULD UP-LOAD IT TO MY BLOG TOGETHER.
FUCK, IAN.
NIXON? AREN'T YOU EXCITED? MY DIABOLIQ BLOG IS HUGE. *GOD'S TITS HUGE.* IT'S THE INTERNET NEW TESTAMENT!
YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THIS IS THE NEXT STEP IN CYBERLUTION. THE OLD LAWS ARE FOR THE MEAT MONKEYS AND THEIR BROKEN, DEAD SOCIETY.
IAN... I-I THOUGHT THIS WAS ABOUT CULTURE... AND, LIKE, *ENTERTAINMENT.* YOU STARTED THIS THING AS A *MUSIC BLOG* FOR FUCK'S SAKE. ALL.
THOSE PEOPLE AT *SUICIDEGIRLS* LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU WRITE A MEAN NICK CAVE REVIEW. I WANTED TO SCREW YOUR BRAINS OUT BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT GUITAR WOLF.
I'M A *MODEL,* IAN... NOT AN *INTERNET MESSIAH.* THIS REVOLUTION, ALL THIS OTHER STUFF... IT'S *TOO FAR.*
TOO FAR?!
THAT'S WHAT I'M FIGHTING *AGAINST!*
LIMITATIONS WRITTEN IN BOOKS BY CANDLELIGHT AND PRINTED ON A PRESS, ONE WORD AT A TIME.
OUTDATED DETRITUS THAT HAS NO MEANING IN A WORLD WHERE EVERY THOUGHT CAN BE SHOWN ON GLOWING GLASS FROM L.A. TO TOKYO INSTANTLY!
IAN, YOU *KILLED* SOMEONE.

I DID.
AND WHEN I POST THIS, EVERYONE WHO READS IT WILL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FIND A LOWER FORM OF HUMAN LIFE AND END HIS MISERABLE EXISTENCE.
MURDER BY PROXY. EVERY ONE OF US A VOYEUR TO THE GREATEST...
...
WHAT DID YOU DO, NIXON?!
WHAT DID YOU DO?!
I'M SORRY, IAN.
WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?! WAS IT THOSE OTHER SLUTS ON SUICIDEGIRLS?! WERE YOU ALL IN YOUR LITTLE CHAT ROOM, PLANNING ON TURNING ME OVER TO JOHNNY LAW?
I'M GOING TO EAT UP ALL KINDS OF BANDWIDTH DESCRIBING WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO TO YOU!

CRASH!
FREEZE!
GRRRRRRRRRR

YIPE!
GAH!

GLARF!
GLARF!
HOLD IT, DIRTBAG! FREEZE!
NO. PERPETUAL MOTION IS THE WAY FOR ME.

KRASH!
GLARF!
GLARF!

WHERE'D HE GO?!
YOU MEAN THE CRAZY-LOOKING WHITE BOY WITH THE BAD HAIRCUT?

HE WENT IN THERE.

COME ON OUT, MR. MATHESON. YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED, AND WE'VE GOT BACK UP ON THE WAY.
ELECTRICAL HAZARD
JUST COME OUT PEACEFULLY. IT'S OVER.
IT'S NEVER OVER FOR ME. I'M FROM THE INTERNET.
GHAUK!
AHHHHHH!
PKOW!
GLUH. GODDAMIT! WHY--?
STUPID, STUPID MEAT MONKEY.
COMIN' SOON. WWW... DOT. BLOODY HOT STINKY REVENGE... DOT... COM.

IAN! NO!
GKKHGHH.
FRRRZKKKK
IAN!
STAY BACK, MISS!
YOU ASSHOLE!! YOU STUPID--!
I'M SO SORRY.
IT'S OVER... COME ON... IT'S OVER...

MOVIES ON THE BIG SCREEN. I AM VERY EXCITED! WILL IT BLOW MY MIND?
I DON'T KNOW IF A CHEAP MIDNIGHT SHOWING OF BIKINI CARWASH WILL BLOW YOUR MIND..
HERE'S YOUR TICKET MONEY.
YOU AND I SERIOUSLY DESERVE SOME R & R AND A FUCKING LAUGH OR TWO. SO, A BAD MOVIE FESTIVA- SHOULD BE JUST THE TICKET.
CHANGE FOR THE HOMELESS?
SORRY MAN.
GODDAMMIT, VLAD!
THANK YA SIR! EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS!
HEH. KINDA FUNNY THAT GUY ASKING US FOR MONEY FOR THE HOMEL--
VLAD?

VLAD, DON'T GIVE THIS GUY YOUR MONEY.
HE SAID HE IS HUNGRY. THAT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A LAUGH, YES?
WE'RE HUNGRY, TOO! DUDE, GIVE HIM BACK HIS MONEY.
HE GAVE IT TO ME!

LOOK, HE DOESN'T KNOW BETTER, AND HE'S TOO NICE FOR HIS OWN GOOD...
NO! INDIAN GIVER!

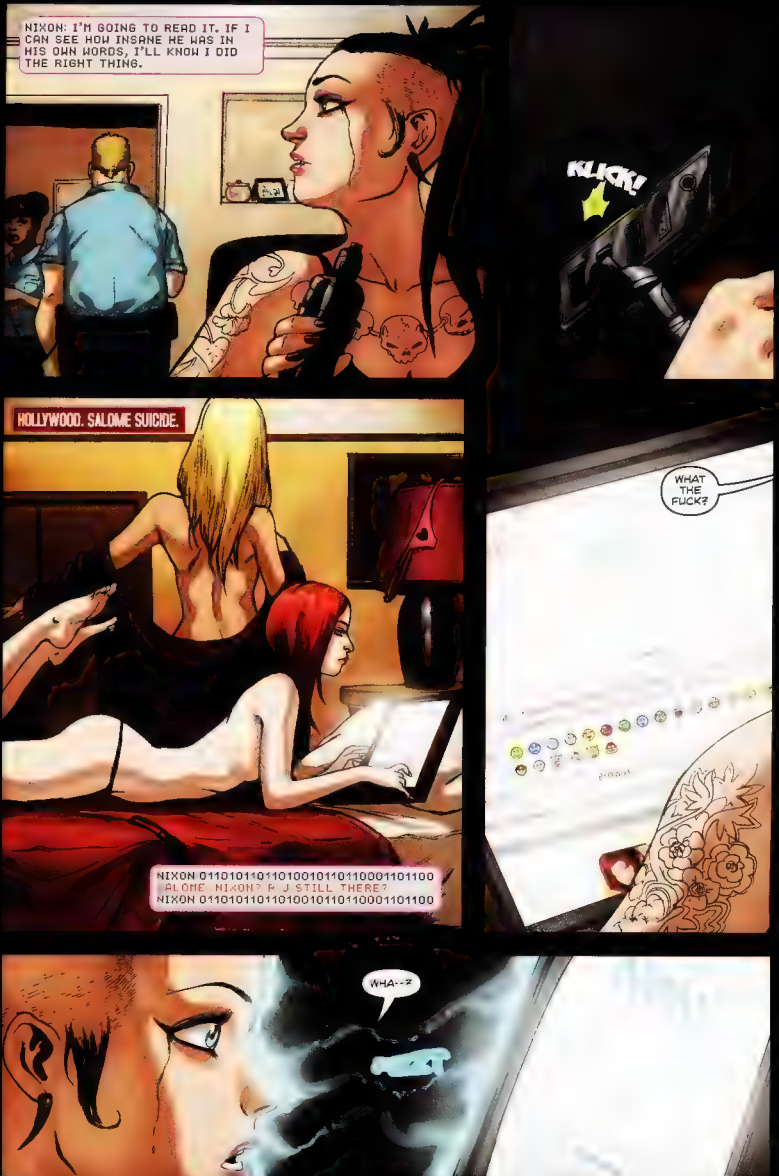
THAT WAS THE ONLY MONEY WE HAD NOT BUDGETED ON GAS OR FOOD.
BUT... HE NEEDED IT.
OH SURE, MOTHER TERESA, BUT NOW WE CAN'T BOTH SEE THE MOVIES.

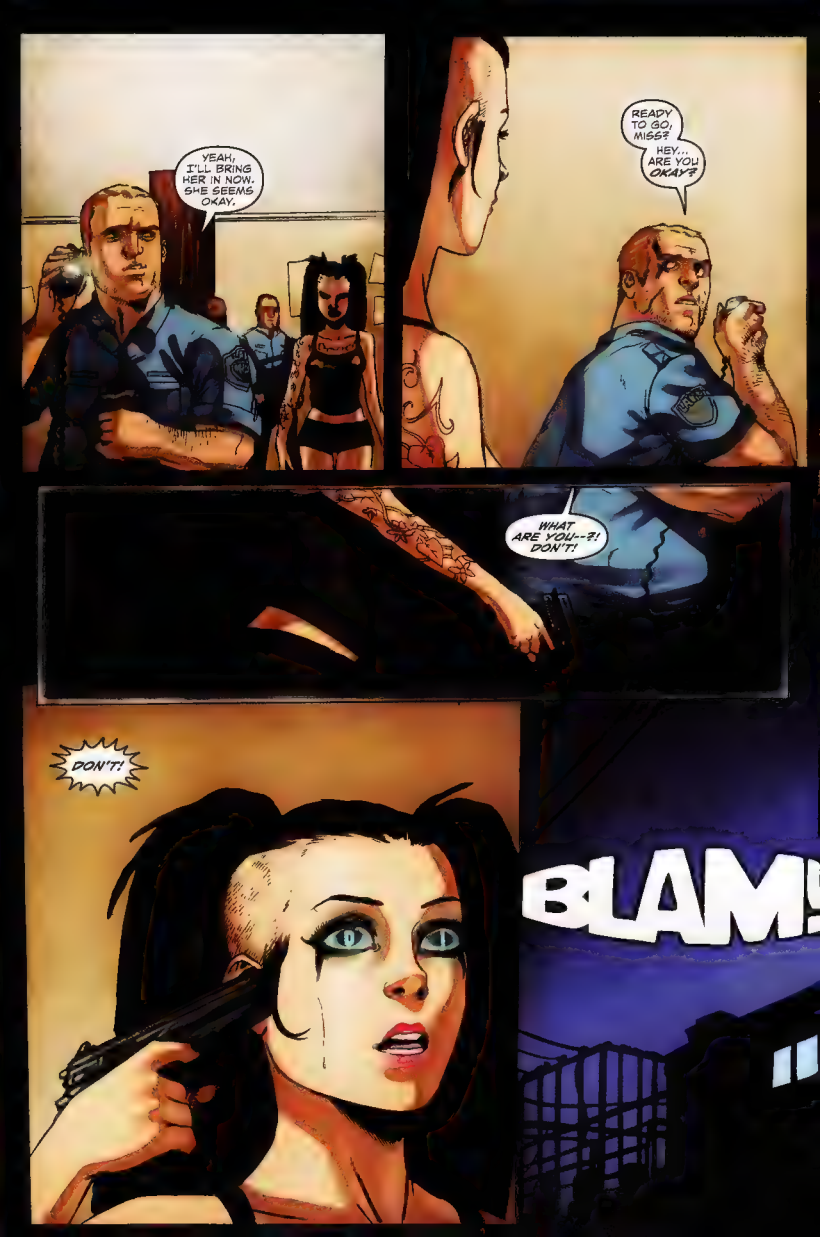
YOU... YOU SHOULD SEE THE MOVIE WITHOUT ME. I WILL WAIT IN THE VAN.
I HAVE WAITED MY WHOLE LIFE FOR A MOVIE THEATRE. I CAN WAIT SOME MORE.

OH, JEEZ. HERE. GO SEE 'EM. GOD.

THANK YOU, CASSIE! MUCH THANKS YOUS! I WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.
GODDAMN. RIGHT YOU WILL. JUST PAY ATTENTION SO YOU DON'T MESS UP THE FUNNY PARTS.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
...STILL NEED TO GET HER STATEMENT.
WE'LL TAKE HER DOWN TO THE STATION IN A FEW.
I... CAN CHECK MY EMAIL BEFORE WE GO?
SURE. WE'LL LEAVE IN JUST A FEW MINUTES.
VIVID NIXON! ARE U OKAY?! WHAT HAPPENED??
NIXON: I'M HERE. I'M FINE.
NIXON IAN'S DEAD.
DETROIT. VIVID SUICIDE.
VIVID: OH GOD. SO SORR..
KYRA GLAD UR OKAY. WE LOVE YOU.
SALOME. YES. WE'RE HERE FOR YOU.
MASSACHUSETTS. KYRA SUICIDE.
KYRA YEAH. ANYTHING WE CAN DO, JUST SAY IT.
NIXON. I KNOW YOU GUYS WERE RIGHT. THAT HE WAS CRAZY. BUT, I CAN'T STOP THINKING THAT I WAS WRONG TO CALL THE POLICE.
NIXON I HAVE HIS LAST BLOG. THE MURDER ONE.


NIXON: I'M GOING TO READ IT. IF I CAN SEE HOW INSANE HE WAS IN HIS OWN WORDS, I'LL KNOW I DID THE RIGHT THING.
KLICK!
HOLLYWOOD. SALOME SUICIDE.
NIXON 01101011011010010110100011011001
SALOME NIXON? R U STILL THERE?
NIXON 01101011011010010110100011011001
WHAT THE FUCK?
WHA--?


YEAH, I'LL BRING HER IN NOW. SHE SEEMS OKAY.
READY TO GO, MISS?
HEY... ARE YOU OKAY?
WHAT ARE YOU--?! DON'T!
DON'T!
BLAM!

-FRRZKKKK!
HEY HON, ARE YOU MAKING BACON?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BABY?

SPARKS, NEVADA.
HUR. AND THEN THEY INSTALL A TWO-WAY MIRROR IN THE TRAINING ROOM. HUR.
BOOBIES. AND FUNNY HIJINKS.
THAT'S IT? THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY FUNNY.
THEN, THERE IS A RAID FOR PANTIES. BECAUSE MAYBE THE MEN WERE OUT OF THEM.
FORGET IT. YOU'RE THE WORST SUMMARIZER EVER.
CHRIS. TELL ME ABOUT BIKINI CARWASH.
LOST MY 'SPANK VIRGINITY' TO IT. NOW, READY FOR THE BEST NEWS EVER?
WELL, I MEAN... BAD NEWS FOR THEM, BUT GOOD NEWS FOR US. OR... WELL... FOR ME. BAD FOR THE VICTIMS, BUT GOOD FOR...
ENGLISH, PLEASE.
SUICIDEGIRLS!!
DO YOU WANNA CALL BACK AFTER THE COCOA PUFFS HAVE WORN OFF?
SUICIDEGIRLS.COM. IT'S A WEBSITE SUPER-HOT-PUNK-ROCK-GOTH-EMO-GIRLS (LIKE YOURSELF) GETTING NAKED.
I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING.
THEY CALLED THIS MORNING. APPARENTLY, SEVERAL OF THEIR GIRLS COMMITTED SUICIDE LAST NIGHT. THE COPS WERE WILLING TO LET IT GO AT THAT, BUT THE GIRLS THINK THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING HINKY GOING ON.
JUST SO HAPPENS THEY HAD RECENTLY INTERVIEWED OUR OWN SKOTTIE YOUNG, AND HE GAVE MISSY SUICIDE OUR INFO!
OKAY. WHERE?
LOS ANGE...ES.
SIGH. I HATE L.A. YOU CAN SUM UP THE WHOLE PLACE JUST BY STROLLING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BLVD: A RITZY VENEER COVERING UP AN UNDERBELLY OF BROKEN DREAMS AND SLEAZE.
UH. HUH. YEAH. SO...
I'LL TEXT YOU THE OFFICE ADDRESS AND ALL THE INFO I HAVE WHEN I GET OFF THE PHONE.
MAN! JUST THINKING OF ALL THOSE HOT GIRLS LOUNGING AROUND THAT OFFICE IN THEIR TORN LINGERIE AND THEIR BAUHAUS T-SHIRTS IS GIVING ME A MAJOR RAGER.
THANKS, CHRIS. I'M GONNA GO SEE IF ANYONE'S INVENTED "MIND BLEACH". CASSIE OUT.

available in the SG SHOP
DIABOLIQ BLOG. POST #4715 BY DIABOLIQ IN BINARY DREAMS.
INTERVIEWS NEWS SHOP LIVE
BOARDS GROUPS ARMY LOCAL MODEL CHAT IPOD RADIO
Buy SG magazine issue 1 & 2 save $$$
NEWEST PICS
Lucca
48 Photos
SUICIDEGIRLS BLOGS MEMBERS BLOGS
March 23, 2008 @ 08:33 PM
TODAY'S FEATU

THE MEAT MONKEYS ARE CAPTIVATED BY **DEATH**.

WHEN THEY AREN'T COUNTING DOWN THE MINUTES, WAITING FOR THEIR LABOR SENTENCE TO BE UP FOR THE DAY, THEY'RE WRINGING THEIR MONKEY HANDS ABOUT THEIR **MORTALITY**.

THEN THEY GO HOME, INGEST SOME RECONSTITUTED ANIMAL FATS, AND FLIP ON A SHINY BOX WHERE THEIR DEATH OBSESSION CAN BE LIVED OUT THROUGH SOME QUIRKY SCIENCE POLICE WHO SOLVE MURDERS WITH QUICK THINKING AND SUNGLASSES.

DIABOLIQ **WELCOMES** DEATH. IT'S JUST A CHANGE IN STATES.

AN EXCHANGE OF **ENERGIES**.

BUT BEFORE THAT ENERGY MOVES TO A HIGHER LEVEL, IT MUST BE REFINED, **PURIFIED**, LEVELED UP IN VOLTAGE.

SO BEFORE I GO, I MUST STEAL THE ENERGIES OF OTHERS. MAKE THEM MINE. USE THEM TO JUMPSTART **CYBERLUTION**.

0 1

AND DIABOLIQ WILL BE UP IN THE HEAVENS WITH THE OTHER GODS, LOBBING BIG, DIRTY ASTEROIDS AT YOUR DINOSAUR WORLD.

DIABOLIQ OUT.

SUITZZZIDDE GIRLZZZ!!!1!!!!

SUICIDEGIRLS HQ.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
HI. I'M HERE ABOUT THE... UH... DEAD GIRLS?
OH HI... YEAH, LET ME GET M.SSY.
WHAT, CHRIS?!
JUST MAKING SURE YOU FOUND IT.
I DID.
OKAY, ARE THERE NAKED GIRLS LOUNGING AROUND, AND IF SO, DOES YOUR PHONE HAVE CAMERA CAPABILITIES?
THERE IS SOMETHING SO WRONG WITH YOU.
MS. HACK?
I'M MISSY. IF YOU AND YOUR... UH... FRIEND WOULD LIKE TO COME INTO MY OFFICE, SOME OF THE GIRLS AND I ARE HAVING A SMALL MEMORIAL FOR OUR LOST FRIENDS.
WE'VE GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW TO FIND THAT SONOVABITCH AND GIVE HIM A GARDEN WEASEL RIM JOB!
HOW? HE'S DEAD!
HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY HAVE KILLED NIXON? OR KYRA AND VIVID WHO WERE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY?!
THEN WHO SENT THAT DIABOLIQ EMOTICON TO EVERY SINGLE SG'S MAIL ACCOUNT THIS MORNING?
IT WAS HIM. THE COPS SAID IT WAS PTSD,** THAT I DREAMED IT... ...BUT SOMEHOW THAT PRETENTIOUS PRICK WAS IN MY HEAD.
** POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER.

YOU WERE ONE OF THE GIRLS TALKING TO THIS NIXON GIRL?
YEAH, I KNOW HE MADE NIXON SHOOT HERSELF, AND I KNOW THOSE OTHER GIRLS WOULDN'T KILL THEMSELVES.
IT WAS IAN. IT'S LIKE HE JUMPED FROM THE COMPUTER AND MADE ME STICK THAT SCREWDRIVER INTO THE OUTLET.
BUT YOU SURVIVED?
LUCKILY I WAS STANDING ON A RUBBER... WELL... OBJECT THAT SORT OF GOT THROWN ON THE FLOOR... UM... EARLIER.
OH.
...I'VE SEEN THIS KIND OF SHIT BEFORE.
AND YEAH, IT SOUNDS FUCKED UP AND IMPOSSIBLE. IT IS FUCKED UP. BUT IT ISN'T IMPOSSIBLE.
SO, THE QUESTION ISN'T WHY SOME ASSHOLE WANTS YOU DEAD OR HOW HE CAN DO IT THROUGH THE COMPUTER.
THE QUESTION IS: HOW DO WE MAKE A PLAN TO RE-KILL THIS BASTARD?
ACTUALLY, WE REALLY LIKED THE PLAN YOUR FRIEND CHRIS CAME UP WITH...
OH, NO.
HE SUGGESTED WE CLOSE DOWN THE SITE FOR A DAY, KEEP ALL THE GIRLS OFF THE COMPUTERS. AND THEN WE REOPEN TONIGHT, WITH A NEW SET OF PICTURES. ONE THAT WILL HOPEFULLY DRAW IAN INTO A TRAP...
YEAH, CHRIS WAS RIGHT...
...YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT SUICIDEGIRL.

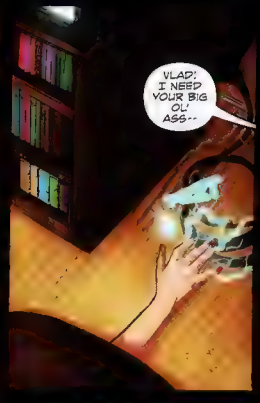
NOW.
NDRY
ANDERIA
ING IN RIAR
HEY, CASSIE. YOU ALRIGHT?
STELLAR.
24/7
CLOSED
SORRY
RIGHT. Y'KNOW I'VE SEEN THE LOOK BEFORE. THE "OH GOD, I'M GONNA BE NAKED ON THE INTERNET" FACE.
I... I'VE DONE WORSE THINGS. I'LL BE FINE. SOMEDAY.
WELL, I'VE HEARD EVERY CRITICISM AND ARGUMENT AGAINST BEING A SUICIDEGIRL. "YOU'RE BEING OBJECTIFIED. YOU'RE RUINING YEARS OF FEMINIST PROGRESS. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG AND DUMB TO KNOW BETTER."
BULLSHIT.
EVERYONE'S MISSING THE BIG PICTURE. YOU GOTTA ENJOY EVERY GODDAMN MOMENT YOU CAN.
CELEBRATE. GET A HAIRCUT THAT SCARES YOUR GRANDMA. DRAW ON YOUR BODY WITH A NEEDLE AND BLEED FOR THE THINGS YOU LOVE.
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND SHOW EVERYONE IT'S FUCKING SEXY JUST TO BE ALIVE.
THAT'S WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO. NO ONE LIVES FOREVER.
HEH.
NOT A BAD PHILOSOPHY.
NOW, EXCUSE ME. I HAVE TO GO GET READY TO BE BAIT FOR A PSYCHOTIC KILLER.

THAT NIGHT.
DRAKE SUICIDE'S APARTMENT.
Cassie
VIP PSYCHIC
OKAY... THE SITE IS BACK UP, AND THE SET IS LIVE.
GOOD, VLAD... YOU READY?
CAN I SEE YOUR PICTURES?
NO.
THEN I AM READY.
DRAKE, OPEN THE CHAT ROOM... AND THEN GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. I'LL CAL... YOU WHEN THIS GEEK IS THOROUGHLY SPANKED.
THANKS CASSIE. YOU'RE MUCH BETTER THAN THOSE CSI GUYS.
HEY DRAKE. WE'RE HERE FOR THE FUCK UP IAN PARTY.
SO EASY TO LOVE. SO HARD TO KILL.

NO WAY. GET THE FUCK OUT. WE WORK ALONE.
AN KILLED OUR FRIENDS. AND NO ONE FUCKS WITH THE SUICIDEGIRLS.
WE'RE GONNA GET ALL KINDS OF JACK HILL ON HIS SKINNY ASS.
LOOK, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW IAN WORKS. THE MORE UNKNOWNS WE HAVE, THE TOUGHER IT'S GONNA BE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO KILL HIM.
YES. WE DO NOT EVEN KNOW IF HE WILL...
SLOSH
YOU'VE GOT MAIL
SHIT. THAT'S IAN.
VLAD! SHUT OFF THE INTERNET.. WE'VE GOTTA TRAP HIM IN THIS...
UHHH

SHIT! HE CAN SENSE SALOME!
HURM. RESIDUAL HAUNTING-NESS.
MOVE AWAY!
MNUUHNN
SUIIIZZZZIIIDODE--
DON'T TOUCH HER! I DO NOT WANT TO HAVE TO FIGHT YOU! WE'LL HAVE A CHUCKY SITUATION ALL OVER AGAIN.
OKIES.
0101 DIE MEAT MONKEY SLUT!1100
CHEW COUCH, BLOG BOY!

DOGPILE HER! BUT DON'T LET HER TOUCH YOU!!


VLAD! I NEED YOUR BIG OL' ASS--

FRAKRAGGH!!!

AHHH!
FUCK!

BLOODY HOT STINKING REVENGE!!

WHAP!
FRACTAL NIXON IS DEAD. YOU JUDAS MONKEY NOW, YOU DIE TOO
HURM.
THANK YOU.
RAAAHHHO10101010101!!!!

OH GOD. EVERYONE OKAY?
SHK!
OR SOMETHING. SALOME. IS SHE...?
SHE'S ALIVE. WHERE'S FRACTAL?
SHIT. IAN HIJACKED HER AND LEFT WHILE THE LIGHTS WERE OUT.
DRAKE, YOU STAY WITH SALOME.
VLAD AND I NEED RUBBER STUFF... GLOVES, BOOTS, WHATEVER YOU HAVE.
I FEEL SILLY.
YEAH? STAND AROUND IN A LAUNDROMAT WITH YOUR DRAWERS AT YOUR KNEES AND GET BACK TO ME.
W-WILL THAT EVEN WORK?
RUBBER INSULATES, SO EVERY LITTLE BIT WILL HELP KEEP US FROM GETTING OUR ASSES FRIED.
I THINK.
SMASH!

KNOCK! KNOCK!
YAAAAWNN. JUST A SECOND...
WELL HELLO THERE.
PRETTY LOUD UP THERE. YOU HAVING SOME KIND OF SEXY PARTY? WHAT CAN I DO FOR--
I NEED TO USE YOUR INTERNET, HAMBURGER APE
CHUK!!
GRAH!
OOOOOF!
WHAT'S WRONG, FREAK? DON'T WANT TO GET TOO NEAR?

THAT IS A BIG, MEAN BODY IT'S TRUE
BUT I FIND THIS ONE A LOT MORE ATTRACTIVE LOL
GHUH!
K-THK!
THUNK!
HURRY UP AND DIE. I'VE ALREADY KILLED A WORTHLESS, HOMELESS FREAK. TIME TO MOVE ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER PLACES.
LIKE HELL, MAYBE?
RAAAHHHH!
FOOL ME ONCE, BITCH...

MNUHZZ
0101...UNHAPPY
BZZTWITH SIZE OF
YOU PENIS01010?I HAS
A CHEESEBURGER
010101
LEAVE
HER
BODY...
010FAAAD
101QQQQ
GHYAHN!

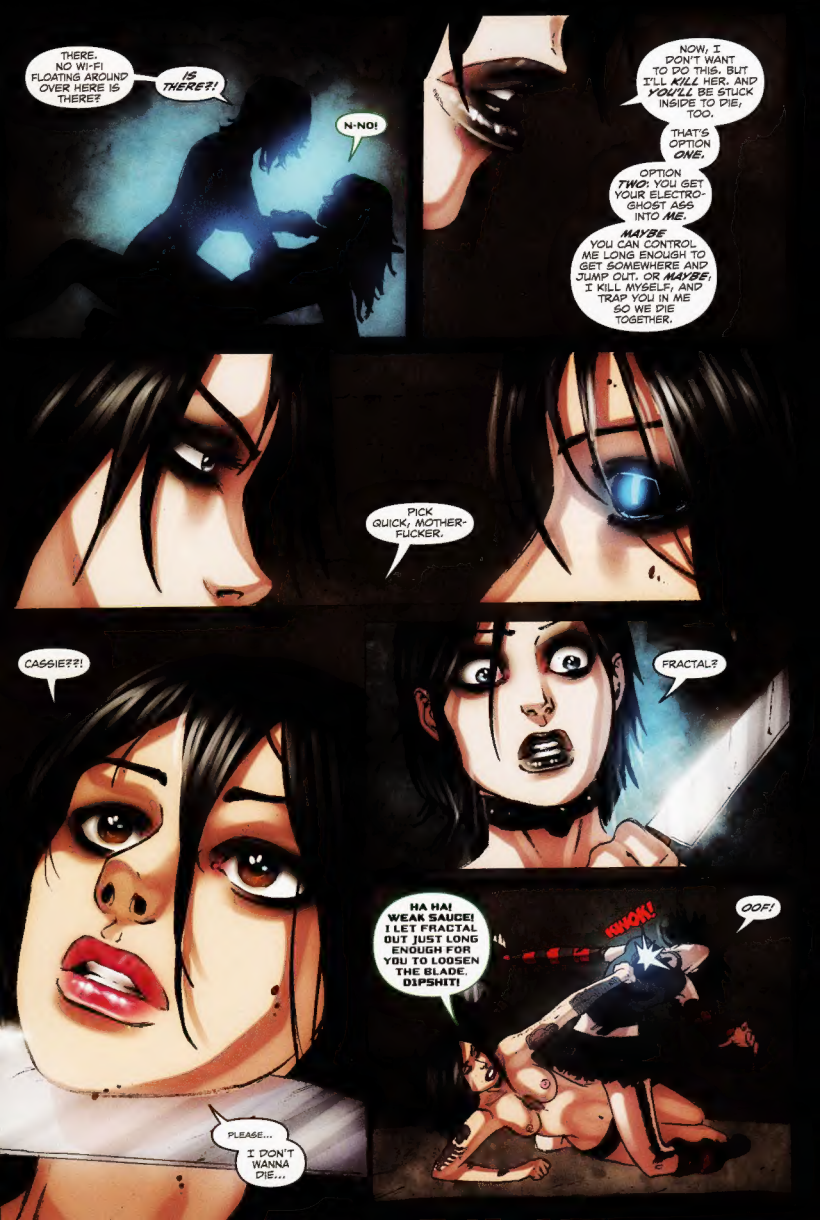
THE BASEMENT. WE CAN CORNER HIM THERE.
AND THEN WHAT?
AS SOON AS HE FINDS INTERNET, WE'LL LOSE HIM. I'LL HAVE TO FORCE HIM INTO ME. KEEP HIM LONG ENOUGH...
AND YOU CAN PUT US BOTH OUT OF OUR MISERY I GUESS.
NO.
YEAH, IT'S A SHIT IDEA... YOU GOT ANOTHER ONE, STUD?
V_AD... YOU'VE... YOU'VE GOT A KNIFE STICKING FROM YOUR WRIST.
YES. IF I TAKE IT OUT ALL THE BLOOD WILL COME.
SO... YOU'RE LEAVING IT IN.
YES. ALREADY THIS GLOVE IS HALF FULL OF BLOOD.
A DISHWASHING GLOVE FULL OF BLOOD. THAT IS SO METAL.
THE TASER IS SHOT.
YOU MAY BORROW ONE OF MY KNIVES.
SWEET. LET'S GO GET THIS FUCKER.
NO WAY I SHOWED MY ASS FOR NOTHING.

BASEMENT.
COME ON OUT, FUCKER. THIS ISN'T THE INTERNET. YOU CAN'T HIDE BEHIND FAKE SCREEN NAMES OR BLURRY PHOTOS HERE.
ZZZKTT!
YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE REST SHOWING YOUR HAM FLAPS TO EVERYONE ELSE, ALL THE WHILE SCHEMING BEHIND MY BACK
I'VE EVOLVED BEYOND THE FLESH WHILE YOU'RE STILL SHAKING YOUR MEAT PILLOWS FOR MONE··
KRRNGGKK
SHUK!
YOU CAN'T TURN ME OFF THAT EASILY, FLESH SACK!
FLESH. ALL THIS SOFT, WARM FLESH. HOW FAR I COULDA GONE, IF I HADN'T BEEN SO DISTRACTED BY SKIN
IF I HAD NEVER MET NIXON, I'D HAVE REACHED SOME FORM OF TECHNOLOGICAL ENLIGHTENMENT SO FAR BEYOND ALL THAT SWEATY RUTTING

THE WHOLE INTERNET ALL OF CYBERLUTION. HALTEO WHY? SO WE CAN LOOK AT SUICIDEGIRLS
AMATEUR TEENS MILFS TWINKS AND BEARS
WE COULD BE EXPERIENCING NEW LEVELS OF FEELING ADVANCING SOCIETY CREATING NEW RULES AND MORALITY INSTEAD WE'RE STILL CHOKING THE CHICKEN TO BARELY LEGALS
I KNOW MY NEW MISSION
I HAVE TO SCOUR THE INTERNET CLEAN I'LL BURN OFF ALL THE BARE FLESH AND BODILY FLUIDS EVERY CAM GIRL EVERY PORN STAR THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT OF SHAME WILL DRIVE THEM TO SUICIDE
AND BY SHAME I MEAN ME

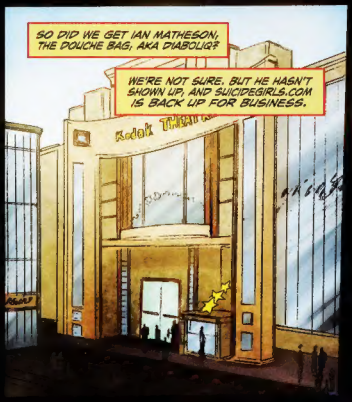
HM. I CAN SMELL THE WI-FI SOMEWHERE. PROBABLY A STARBUCKS NEARBY HAH. WHO'M I KIDDIN'?
THERE'S ALWAYS A STARBUCKS NEARBY. THIS IS L.A.
I'M OUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL FIND THE TWO OF YOU AGAIN. SO DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME
BEFORE I LEAVE, LET FRACTAL SHOW YOU WHY SHE'S SUCH A PERFECT FIT FOR SUICIDEGIRLS...
LAME ONE-LINER, BITCH.
PWOK!
VLAD! FIREHOSE!
HURM. BIKINI CARWASH.

YOU SHOULD NOT DIS INTERNET BOOBIES, YES?
SLOOSH
GRRUNH!
VLAD!
FLICK! SHOULDA PAID BETTER ATTENTION IN SCIENCE CLASS.
FUH FZZTODIOI
GET OUT OF MY HEAD! SET...
FZKK! SHUT UP
THAT'S ENOUGH. WATER MESSED YOU UP, EH? HERE'S THE DEAL, IAN.
GHUH?!


THERE. NO WI-FI FLOATING AROUND OVER HERE IS THERE?
IS THERE?!
N-NO!
NOW, I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS. BUT I'LL *KILL* HER. AND *YOU'LL* BE STUCK INSIDE TO DIE, TOO.
THAT'S OPTION *ONE*.
OPTION *TWO*: YOU GET YOUR ELECTRO-GHOST ASS INTO *ME*.
MAYBE YOU CAN CONTROL ME LONG ENOUGH TO GET SOMEWHERE AND JUMP OUT. OR *MAYBE*, I KILL MYSELF, AND TRAP YOU IN ME SO WE DIE TOGETHER.
PICK QUICK, MOTHER-FUCKER.
CASSIE??!
FRACTAL?
HA HA! WEAK SAUCE! I LET FRACTAL OUT JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO LOOSEN THE BLADE. DIPSHIT!
KNOK!
OOF!
PLEASE...
I DON'T WANNA DIE...

LOL. I AM GONNA PHOTOGRAPH ALL THE THINGS I DO TO YOU AND THE BALD FREAK. AND THEN, WHEN YOU TYPE "HIDEOUS INSANE MURDER SCENE" INTO GOOGLE, MY PAGE WILL...
ERK...
UHGN... CASSIE...
FRACTAL... YOU GOTTA GET HIM OUT!
I DUNNO IF I CAN. HE FUCKED UP BY LETTING ME THROUGH TO DISTRACT YOU. HE...
010101 BITCH 0101...
NUH!
I'M YOUR L-LAST VICTIM... DIE!
DIABOLIQ LIVES FORE-000110
AAHHH!!
AHHHO1HHH!!

JESUS. I'M SO SORRY. YOU OKAY?
IT IS LIKE PEEING ON THE ELECTRIC FENCE.
OH GOD. IS IT OVER. IS IT...?
OH...
IT...
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY...


SO DID WE GET IAN MATHESON, THE DOUCHE BAG, AKA DIABOLIQ?
WE'RE NOT SURE. BUT HE HASN'T SHOWN UP, AND SUICIDEGIRLS.COM IS BACK UP FOR BUSINESS.

MISSY ASKED ME IF I WANTED HER TO TAKE MY SET DOWN. I THOUGHT LONG AND HARD ABOUT IT... THEN I SAID FUCK IT. LEAVE IT UP.
SO MISSY PAID ME FOR THE SET. I THINK SHE THREW IN A LITTLE BONUS FOR SAVING THE REST OF THE GIRLS.

WE SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE SAVED THE MONEY. USED IT FOR A ROUGH NIGHT ON THE ROAD, OR TO BUY BETTER FOOD THAN WE NORMALLY EAT.

INSTEAD, WE CAME DOWN TO HOLLYWOOD BLVD, WHERE ALL THE OTHER POOR HOMELESS BASTARDS COME TO HANG OUT.
YOU KNOW, WHERE THE TOURISTS SNAP PICTURES OF SOME LONG-DEAD, GLAMOROUS ACTRESS' STAR ON THE WALK OF FAME.

WE BOUGHT 20 MOVIE TICKETS FOR THE KODAK THEATRE AND 20 GIFT CERTIFICATES FOR THE HOLLYWOOD GRILL, AND THEN GAVE 'EM OUT TO ALL THE OUTCAST AND FREAKS HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR LEFT BEHIND.

HOLLYWOOD
SURE, IT'S NOT THE OSCARS, BUT EVERYONE DESERVES SOME R & R EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. MAYBE EVEN A LAUGH OR TWO.
YOU GOTTA ENJOY EVERY MOMENT YOU CAN.
EL CUCUY
DIABOLIQ WUZ RIGHT
NO ONE LIVES FOREVER.
THE END.